ODYSSEY OF WHIMSY

NEW REALM

SHABNAM EFTEKHARI
AMIR H. BARZEGAR

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Whispers of Pages

Preface 7
Introduction to the Authors 9
To those who dare to dream, new to this realm ..10
The Letter 13
Dame and Poet.....17
Human in Destiny.....19
Silence or Rope 21
Like Dear Emily 22
In God's Name 23
Class of Hive 26
The Keys of Mind.....27
Story of Mind and Heart.....28
The Boy for Thee 31
Fall of the Moon 34
Silence Painful Than Sword.....36
Eyes of Lover 37
The World.....38

The Rose.....39
Wars of the Roses.....40
Hope of Awakening.....41
Silence of God.....42
Beautiful Scent.....44
The Origin of Man.....45
Messenger of Love.....46
A Vessel.....47
Path of Words.....48
Coin's Twirl.....49
War in Mind.....50
Orion.....51
The Last Sacrifice.....52
Humanity at the Edge.....53
Father.....54
A Poet's Devotion.....55
Journey Through Ages.....57
Battle of Remorse.....67
Hand Aches.....68
The Temple.....69

Realm of Gods.....71
Heart of the Jungle 73
Beneath Darkness 76
Moon.....78
Nikolay Belsky's Boy 79
Visages of People 80
Strife 81
Why Dream 82
Eyes on the Azure.....83
Daunt by Demise 84
Life 85

Preface

As a student of English Literature, the journey to discover and understand self-identity has been both a personal and academic pursuit. This exploration is embodied in the "I" that emerges in this Odyssey, serving as a reminder that we are not alone. This "I" is not just an isolated figure but a reflection of shared experiences and collective emotions. Within these verses lies the assurance that our individual journeys are intertwined, a universal quest for meaning and connection that binds us all in our shared humanity.

This Odyssey is something special, reaching its goal with the invaluable guidance of my dear lecturer, who is also included as an author due to her significant contributions in making this work

a reality. As a young poet, I strive to show that hope in the world of poetry is very much alive. Despite differences in language and culture, we can create pieces that resonate deeply with the essence of humanity.

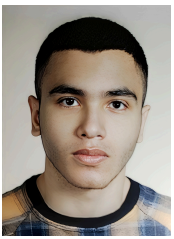
"Odyssey of Whimsy" is the title of the collection, and "New Realm" is the first book in this collection. This book represents the initial steps on a path toward innovation in poetry, merging diverse cultural and linguistic perspectives to craft a shared poetic language. This is the first step I have taken in creating a new style of poetry, which I name "Naval Poetry," marking the beginning of a journey into new realms of poetic expression.

With deep appreciation and hope for our shared future,

Amir H. Barzegar

Introduction to the Authors

Amir H. Barzegar



Amir H. Barzegar is a young poet and student of B.A in English Literature residing in Iran. Inspired by the rich traditions of both classical and modern poetry, Amir's work seeks to bridge cultural and linguistic divides. His innovative style, which he names "Naval Poetry," is characterized by a deep exploration of self-identity and shared human experiences. "Odyssey of Whimsy" represents his dedication to reinvigorating the world of poetry with hope and creativity, demonstrating that the poetic spirit transcends borders. Amir's work is a testament to his belief in the power of words to connect and inspire across cultures.

Shabnam Eftekhari

Shabnam Eftekhari is a distinguished Teacher Assistant, Ph.D Candidate of English Literature and a mentor to many aspiring poets and writers. With extensive experience in the field, she has contributed significantly to the academic and creative development of students. Her guidance and support have been instrumental in shaping "Odyssey of Whimsy," and her insights have greatly influenced the innovative approach of "Naval Poetry." As a co-author, Ms. Eftekhari brings a wealth of knowledge and a passion for fostering new voices in literature, ensuring that the timeless art of poetry continues to evolve and thrive.

To those who dare to dream, new to this realm
and voiceless in the darkness.

Esteemed wanderers of this realm,
You may uncover hidden truth,
Within the world of literature,
Even if you do not yet appreciate its depths.
I invite you to set sail on Odyssey of Whimsy,
A new era in literature's embrace,
Showcasing diverse styles of poetry,
Woven by a soul who has dances across realms.
It began with a gaze at a rose,
The blossom that captures the duality,
Revealing that all truth wear masks,
Nothing is complete without its counterpart.
To my eyes, the rose is exquisite,
Captivating me profoundly,
I surrender to echoes of my verses,
Each poem unfolds like a dream.
Entranced by sensations awakened,
By the sight of this remarkable bloom,
A genuine capital of beauty on world.

To my leof, though I do not yet know you,
I wander among the crowd in quest for a whisper.
Perhaps my eyes are too innocent,
To perceive beautiful veils of existence.
Such a sign resonates with those lost completely,
Forgetting to breathe, sleep, eat, or drink,
Consumed by the ecstasy of love.
True beauty blooms in the bonds lovers share,
Those who share joys and understand depths.
I cannot protest against their dreamy world,
They free from burdens within the greatest prison.

The Letter

Hello dear, the midnight

brings forth your visage,

I cannot shut my mind to this glow.

I reveal my heart in the dark,

the reason for my solitude,

not having you by my side.

My depths, deeper than Athena,

where is your spirit? Do not conceal.

I have pleaded with my principles,

each time the moon aligns

with the sun, but moonlight’s glow

casts shadows on the path.

Do not fear, you have me,

the nutrition of them, you must thrive.

I won't rest, only death can do that for me.

In this world, there's no care for men's feeling,

not even a boy from ancient times

who sought love in the earth for years,

until a glance set you on the edge of sight.

Remember the day I first saw you,

dancing like a feather in the breeze,

swaying gracefully through the air

Everyone was reveling, I was just pondering—

love appearing at first glance.

I was the one who didn't believe it,

but now I'm entranced by the glow

of a moon reflecting the sun,

even when neglected by the rain.

No worth diminishes by such spark,

sometimes things must be lost

to find their place in the title.

But you differ; God knows, and so do I.

Days I ask God, dream or awake—

do I deserve the moon of divinity?

Dearest to the world, but angles differ—

me and them, I ask God,

answer me; tell how I weep for her,

night after night, the same.

I stand on the brink with her image,

no human has heard words of you—

the secret deep within my soul,

only God can possess it and does.

Eyes are closing; drifting to sleep.

This letter concludes here, and

love, take care; you are the light.

Dame and Poet

'At times run into my physic,

Now and then into my soul.

In this realm, we're all wordsmiths, true and kind,

Some weave tales on paper, others in mind,

With ink and quill or thoughts that entwine,

We shape our stories, in prose or rhyme.'

Words of a dame in the darkness,

Unknown to realm or azure.

My ears not bell to dance,

But did move to her sense.

At times, I feel unworthy of tranquility

Days, I just absorb the darkness

Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born?

These are Whitman's musings, echoed by all.

Yet I differ, no present nor past, for clarity

Hope is the thing with feathers

I perceive the truth in core of essence

Nothing can rhyme with your sense

The page is void of historical ink

Love shunned in the name of Jesus

Another church: matting, seats, and stone

Just as history unfolds.

Lacks originality, against immortality
They feign to love but seek the throne.

Human in Destiny

Blacksmith shaping iron by miracle

People got curious to be hop

He laughs to who encircle

He plunge words for all to adopt

Figures in the frame of us, as beings

Hand-molded by the iron-man

Crafted by his hands in a dance

Only Pan knows his true span
Hephaestus approaches thither

Hap for human better than God

Astonishingly, hammer wither

Reason for jealousy to the wight

God of metal in seek for an answer

Athena unveiling him the grounds

Zeus lands with Hera a love for her

It is first, a will powerful than Gods

Silence or Rope

World unpredictable, me, in war of essence

Piece by piece spy on soul, to find a thread—

While not familiar with rules, ruler of this realm

Judge of people, who calls himself

Soldier, 'were you like me or grow in the meadow'

Fate, 'have silence or feel the rope'

Like Dear Emily

Because I could not stop for death

Why fret about years with decay

Family — piece by piece disappears

What lingers would be remnants

Death shall start to drift slowly

Promise me like dear Emily

You do not desire anything from me

For I am solitary in this vast ocean

In God's Name

God Weeps — Human Reason

I created you to show

a tapestry of worship,

joys beyond angelic grasp—

love, fear, sadness, hope.

Gabriel spoke with earnest heart,

Why is there no anger

among your cherished creatures?

Answer me, my Creator

to whom do you give life?

God revealed the scene

My worshiper, my messenger,

anger lies hidden with the devil.

His presence reflects what you seek.

From the day he turned away,

he became the reason for the test—

to see if my earthly children will listen.

A boy shouted

Mom, stop this talk of faith.

Isn’t this just more nonsense?

Didn’t your ancestors suffer?

These fathers who filled your ears—

their tales are mere creativity in history.

Why confess my sins which my own,

when my God hides it all to spare me?

Yet they watch from shadows,

how many have committed abuse?

How many, in God's name,

have deceived the poor,

placing hunger on his shoulders,

while the powerful take it all,

in the name of God and holy Jesus.

Class of Hive

Shouting into black hole—

Stranger in this realm

No shroud for unveiling destiny

Shade of life, inner ink is

Pro in, hero out, class of hive—

Different people, yet greater

Begin with hidden anger

Calm by passing, time heals.

The Keys of Mind

Fingers toy with fragments of my being

Life's essence, most profound

They may manipulate it

But the mind holds the key

Fingers are mere instruments

What of the mind?

It is their master—

Whose guidance we must heed

Story of Mind and Heart

In the midst of an argument,

A debate arose between Mind and Heart:

I am the one who charts the path,

I bear the weight, I endure the wrath.

I hold the key to life's great puzzles,

I grant the freedom that often muzzles.

I am the architect of wealth,

The guide that leads to good health.

Heart then broke the silence wide,

You speak of keys, but where's the guide?

You talk of solutions, yet miss the truth,

For feelings matter, even in youth.

I bring joy, though it may be flawed,

Embracing paths where pain is clawed.

You offer answers, cold and neat,

But I am present in each heartbeat.
Many have a voice that's loud,

Yet few can listen in this bustling crowd.

Pause and ponder, gaze at me,

Perhaps you'll learn what it means to be.

I guide them through their darkest night,

Even in anguish, I am their light.

Mind, now humbled, looked away,

Feeling the weight of what Heart would say.

A stranger came and asked the matter,

But the brutal silence of darkness didn't shatter.

Fog hung heavy in the air,

Mind felt lost in a world of despair.

God sent angels to seek its light,

And Mind began to dance at Heart's insight.

Love stepped in to bridge the divide,

Taking Mind and placing it inside.

In this union, nothing felt the same,

For it's hearty love that ignites the flame.

The Boy for Thee

I did gaze into azure

while wandering under it

was it a cry or a song for thee

in scorching cold

Apricity closer than my breath

let me draw near

dogs barking to keep thee far

but I did remain that boy

the boy, thee knew

who reaches for the moon,

craves the warmth of the sun

and gazes at thy two stars

the boy seeking petrichor

not in rain, but in thy silk

thy pearls more stunning than diamond

casting rainbows on its reflection

thy steps gentler than a sparrow's.

trembling without ant or marrow

smile as clear as water's mirror

cheeks deeper than a volcano's pit

ethics kinder than a mother's love

and heart softer than a feather.

Who were thee, my moon and sun

more precious than an angel in a fairy tale

were thee a creature or a goddess

but one thing — thee greater than Venus

My divine and desire

my destiny and love

shall I let thee rest

no shame, no myth, just love's quest

Fall of the Moon

Pain shall emerge by fall of the moon

Dogs cry, telling you, imminently

Hidden treasure rest under my head

Divine on wolf hands, we just heed

About lion? face it, one chance

Wolf, not the same, put eye on the prince

Father took devotion, ice between fire

Disappears but with fire, water mold

Heart broken, kingdom vanished, just a boy—

In shape of water becomes the earth

Journey begins, solitary in new form

Eyes on around, where am I from

In quest of an answer, not a single semblance

Soul remained ice, but water was leaving

He saw the queen, the king, the love

Sobs fall for three, but became four

In heavens, fate 'so be it'

Silence Painful Than Sword

At times - silence painful than sword

Hidden words vanish the inner board

Yet no trust in others - who friends

It is you, inner you, your words

Weather cold - hot, wear the same

Lack of affection - you should seek

Not outside of realm

But, but in inner sheath

Eyes of Lover

Saying words, I love you, is easy,

In stars realm, eyes should be busy,

For who worshipped and fighted for,

As candle melts for his love, the darkness.

The World

Darkness, endless, covering the skies

Howls, Owls, floating between lies

Sight of mind, hidden, but mouth open

Hell arise, affect, to an unjust happen

Ears full of gravel, skin no sense
First page vanished by pencil
But last cover, ink, cast by pen

Sleepy mind far from truth

Its a need, off minded folks

For what called the world

The Rose

The Rose, fantasy of our ink

Upon our own, life is thunder

Athena, my love why sink

No differ from Hero and Leander.

Wars of the Roses

Wars of the Roses,

darkening the era,

moments lost, victories gained—

a conclusion for the Tudor.

For those who perished,

quantity of soil,

but united,

can violence forge a peace, today?

Hope of Awakening

Whispering azure, nature be sure

Guilt on my shoulder, echoes to surrender

Infinite shadows, seeking solitude

Cause vulnerability, create serenity

Love's reflection, awakening universe

Sun and the moon, with tears flowing

For me, the animal who lost

Yearning hope, missing Embrace

Silence of God

God, sweet love is it right,

Me suffer, you just watch?

God, where mercy is,

You do not hear, me blind?

Talk as you exist, cannot feel you

In search of azure for signs

Maybe you eye on earth, people listen

Kindness, not between beasts

Me, look as infant, may one found

Day by day pass, nothing strange

Still miss the piece of mine

Words by you to force living

God, greater than all, unable to equal

You are the one and we just creatures

Show other side of coin

Maybe they change, may joy appear

Till then, can pain hide,

Suffering buries, and you talk?

Could it be for me, in middle of beasts?

If so, words of mine would be yours.

Beautiful Scent

Classic, romantic, intertwine

May light reveal by rising moon

Faith in you, oh God, divine

Why retreat when love's like a sweet-scented bloom

Meaning of love — the dance of two souls

Lack of desire as time takes its toll

Ink of the inner self, some parts unknown—

Last page turns, demise whispers truth's toll.

The Origin of Man

Heart full with sand, rain fall by cry

Fate, wordless in front of him

Orb of desire, silence of God

Brutality of dogs, small for him

Angels seek the reason

God silent them all

'What I know hidden to all'

But devil born beside him.

Messenger of Love

Digging deep into your sight

Maybe tears saved for my heart

Coldly rock, mine, softly cotton, yours

Wind whispers truth, two different creatures—

From myth, newborn in this realm

Rare but shiny, cold but hot

One as Athena, wise and wise

Other as Narcissus, greedy and greedy—

Contrary to myth, they are complementary
Fate 'you are for each other'

A Vessel

Raindrops on my head, cascade, all over the azure

Yet some with no faith, as vessel

Use it, opening appear, change the shape

Embers of fire shall be, downpour over the past

Firm soaked, earth on side, hours, endure—

Hidden as no ink on paper, shut the mind, tome too

No tools, no weeping, one vessel

Free, no vision, no thoughts to chant carol.

Path of Words

Path of existence with a tiny spark,

Can turn into a vanished realm,

Where only echoes the dogs bark,

In this land, where God and words overwhelm,

No human wisdom can shatter,

What words inscribed in each chapter,

For those who merely pretend to ache,

And vary in every layer they create.

Coin's Twirl

Love unique

some sense and others don't

I stroll by coin's twirl

whether it decelerates

but until halt, I will heed,

final commotion gradually, gradually

cannot take a step,

sacred, resolution—

and clamor last heard.

War in Mind

War in mind, sword in hand

Cut the cover, shadows in back

Happy, sad, both desires

Truth reveals, hope emerges

Stare as walrus, on foot as horse

Each look for a light, in the wild

Ask them, essence of yours—

Or life of others, which is first?

Orion

Flying above the ocean

In search of a hunt

Screened from sight

Until vision is unbound

Looking for a fish

But attain hidden shark

Orion, a predator on his own

Overwhelmed by the bark

The Last Sacrifice

Love as the infant,

must be kind with,

yours, should cared.

Divine sway and dance,

over my life, what I desire,

pain must be with, or life, boring.

Ears, eyes and skin,

all sacrifice for the end,

as Ishmael by Abraham for God.

Humanity at the Edge

Orphans under mist, in search of azure

Eyeing shells — seeking a question, dead or alive?

Ending us, kids, due to a small amount of soil

Religions, edges of a triangle, me? just humanity.

Father

Azure in mourning, world collapses

Heart, not in place — all diseases

On shoulders of him, he is the one,

Get no flower, still plays the piano

In this realm, he tries for infants

Who wait till the shadow appears,

Before the echo, they run till light

In seconds forgotten, who he is

The Sorrow of both worlds — father

Meadow full of roses in death of his.

A Poet's Devotion

Hidden from sight — you, the nebulous

Quietly appear when the heavens cry

My heart differs, can be your sacrifice

Time is gold, without you just a lie

My words eloquent in ink for you

So serene, tranquil, the reason I fell for

Come to you from the cave and forest

Be my diary, you are, but it ends here

Sorry gone so soon, stopped writing

I — 'stop it, you're mine, get him to cell nine'

Fate made him dream for freedom

You, love, go to your life

Won't let him come, care who I am?

I, the field poet, sent him to inner prison

His last words, 'let her live' respectful

Enjoy life — this will be a memory.

Journey Through Ages

I intend to bedight the tun

Banshee sing the ditty

I, staring at sun

Feeling so pity

Ege of thee

Flighty dream of others

Men in seek of elixir

So for thee they sing lyrical

For thee water under the bridge

My leof, thee galan with eutony

Minds dry my ink for thy leoþ

Ship float on fleot gently

I be the rand for thee

Against azure on the sea

My dame, I, the amorist

On the road of amort

Ear full of eutony by passing time

Drawing near the nature so pure

My facile mind, lost in the duel

But thee, do not lose hope

Soon I'll stand beside thee, dear

My leof and heart, rest in peace

No matter how far, still my sun.

Years after, I vanish the orb

For having you in other age.

I use simple words cause mind lost,

Not focusing on mouth to be poetic

But rather choose image of you

In the darkness realm of universe

For some soil, men butcher selves

My divine, answer, is this for peace

Or joy, infants not a toys of crown

Why reality must be dream for them

Who feel empty through the bread

More importantly through the soul

In seek of potion for the sickness,

Of a town holded by a mindless folk

Crowned in the name of God,

One sat on the throne in the Rome

Other on the ground by beard,

Both desire the same, the siege

To hold infants from growing

To witness their horrible doing

From ground to sky, no safety,

For those who worship the hope

Gently losing their savings

And God, if God..., he just watching.

My beloved, lost the world of words

Times, beauty does not matter

While I haven't seen the world yet

But my dear, you are the reason

To live in what named world

In what named realm of dreams

Use the common sense to show,

For thee and thoes who middle

I, the lowest of all, first, no words

Years in the darkest shadows

Seeking a glimmer, even a spark

Asking God, do I suffer or just play,

A role in your game, called test

And no view in the meadow.

I continue the journey with hope,

Of seven candlesticks of gold

Mabey the old God will appear

The God who against nonsense,

About himself, created by triangle

Three edge, half beliefs of world

Hardened the road by their myth

Fathers of each religion against,

Peace for who only knows God,

Not their hand-molded thoughts.

My dear, dearest than light,

Who is nature, God and my road

Sorry for the closed eye,

The affect of your heart-warmth,

Forgets the scent of light and dark,

Which shared once in old myth.

Ahoy, I, youth of the wight,

I endure chanting the dirge

Lesser in years than mine father

Mind doth weave the words of forebears

Life alone is a king's ransom

Shall be crowned in the tun

rather than in a shattered hub,

Of the Tower of Babel with a sin,

Seeking independence from God,

Is this God's or their interpretation

Why hide treasures behind the door

Why averting for mortals with lies

I did, I lost the rules of the role

Such a low-key words of a youth,

Of a man dared against horsemen,

Do I deserve the apricity of realm,

Or should I just stay at Rome

Not even trying to open the door,

Of the history, lied under soil

Church over it, core in the Rome

Other in the middle of realm,

Viable, the difference of old God,

Compared to their, who are throne,

My mistake, to enroll in the role.

I shall rest as my father did,

The sorrow of road so heavy,

Life sacrifice to their sacred crown

Even God in the duel with them.

My divine, should I leave or let go

What is mine and my father's

Old gambler of this realm

You know merely the path

But in that darken, I have lived

Through so many angles seen,

And still could not reach you

And hand vanished on the road,

Maybe dream what shall many say

I close the page and on knees,

Pray and choose the silence.

Battle of Remorse

With no vision of the world

Unearthed the hidden truth

Future's relevance or present's worth

Can't uncover it with a sweet tooth

Lost in the battle of remorse

Seeking with blinded eyes

Correcting the wagers made

Joy, bittersweet, was its essence.

Hand Aches

Hand aches, thoughts spiral wildly,

in this maddest realm of mad souls.

Being mad lands you among the crazed,

but if you stray, then a divergent path,

to wander in shadows eternally.

Triumph resides there, as does doubt,

like Zeus questioning the son, Nature—

softly dims the minds of the troubled.

The Temple

Soon as sun climbs, eye shuts

On realm of free men, soil—

Crossroads of the thorns

With a tender vision at soir

In this Temple, no liberty for,

Medusa who no where to hide

Even conflict not a revolution,

To a person called the Gorgon

Yearning of Poseidon, vanishes all

It turns to the curse, who has?

No eyes allowed, banned for beauty,

And strive for hindering the nature

A mortal in no place for dissent

Gods against the freedom wisdom

Even who Athena called friend,

With gaze of truth to who is enemy

Realm of Gods

Realm of Gods, full of echoes

Most warriors lacking morals

Ares above all, a lover of chaos

Raging shield, a barrier from Zeus

Ares in prison for dreamy freedom

Whip of fire upon his back

For truth in word and deed

Even the Eris fellow betrays him

While we, puppets of lust and greed

Golden Apple ignites the Trojan War

Mighty Ares companion of Zeus,

In war for protection of Olympus

Even so son for truth punished

War, a fate he did not choose

For lament, confined in Tartarus

Zeus chooses to kill him instantly

Ares laid to rest in Mount Olympus,

And Gods are seen in mourning.

Heart of the Jungle

In the heart of a jungle, where echoes entwine,

A boy took a path that was hidden, divine.

But when he turns, the road vanished,

Leaving him trembling, alone and unwished.

Laying on the ground, fear through his chest,

Unsure of his fate, seeking a reasoned quest,

Then from the shadows, a creature emerged,

With branches like rivers, its presence spewed.

Horrified and frozen, tried to take soar,

But the stipules trapped him, at a glance.

Each step took brought him hither to pain,

Rocks scored his toes, cruel world.

One shoe fell away, the other did too,

With each pain, he felt more dulled.

Yet continued through the storms,

Hoped to drub challenge called life.

But soon he encountered a tree standing tall,

Its twisted limbs stretching like fingers to call.

Exhausted and fatigued, he paused in despair,

With a whisper of surrender flows in the air.

"I'm done trying," he whisperd, as darkness drew near,

The branches enwraped him, silencing fear.

Buried beneath them, in the jungle's cuddle,

Vanished from sight in road, hallowed place.

Beneath Darkness

Beneath darkness pondering about death

Soul is mourning by trail of gaze

Mind trying to rest with no pace

But inner ink flowing many paths

Falling swiftly into dream of legends

Eyes closed, endless odyssey begins

Divine whisper to realm with stern

What secrets lie beneath the rush

First the horsemen shall rise

To witness if death claims the throne

Until then, I tread this path alone

Your heart may find its voice

Let thoughts be quieted by trust

I offer solace, if you choose to stay.

Moon

Times - see heart of the moon,

Shine as yours, only God knows.

Some aim, moon be star,

bright of herself,

but myth say,

just showing beauty of essence.

Nikolay Belsky's Boy

A boy sight on board

not from inside but from door

cane in hand, hand under hat

tattered trousers, footwear of twine

unaware of the contents within his load—

appears so heavy for a kid

tears rain, eyes on genuine pigment

remorse, by Belsky's touch.

Visages of People

Visages of people,

so gently in the shadows,

at sunrise, that radiance turns into a wisp,

at last, gaze upon what lingers.

Strife

Strolling reverse to the allegiance,

Our essence to betray existence,

Even by awareness, no cease to it,

With no strife, no value to harmony.

Why Dream

Weeping in shadows

Seeking a glimmer

From A to Z I plea...

God, shield me from the predator

Counting, counting... up to twenty, pause

Road by road vanishing

Even the glimmer eludes

Why dream of a light

Eyes on the Azure

Eyes on the azure,

Witnessing feathers of bird,

Breathtaking yet purposeless

Behold, the essence of grace is dead.

Daunt by Demise

Daunt by demise, right as blaze

Sorrow, crowned head, glee vanish as orb

Gross, pure, sides of a coin

Glaring as infant, who new to terra

Choice on you, life shall move on

Tears of ears, much of a noise—

Of people starve under azure

Yet some have roof, a fare to sense.

Life

Life is beautiful if untouched by human hands,

Meaning daffodils in goals beyond our lands.

Free from the past, unburdened from the future,

In the present's cuddle, we seek our true nature.

A path to salvation lies within each road,

Seeking the profound that makes us bored.

In every belief, despite the various faith,

Inner peace and freedom what we race.

Life flows as water, a sway of the soul,

In this body, we strive to feel the role.

Societies gaze with a singular view,

Yet in their reflections, I find my truth too.

On the road to salvation, beauty unfolds,

Freeing ourselves and others, as the journey unfolds.

If you believe in God, you draw near the divine,

If nature's your guide, in her arms you entwine.

We seek the unreachable, a glance of the vast,

In the beauty of existence, our hearts are steadfast.

Salvation sought in jobs and families star,

Yet deeper truths linger just out of sight.

Those who embrace nature witness its grace,

In each perfect moment, they find their place.

Some say the ozone is fading away,

But cycles of nature will always hold sway.

Who governs this system if not a guiding hand?

Humanity falters; we barely understand.

You may find life splendid without a divine gaze,

But what of the broken lost in life's maze?

Look deeper, my friend; have you ever asked why?

What if those who believe hold truths that don't die?

I ponder a world far beyond what we see,

Where justice prevails for both you and me.

Criminals escape while justice seems blind,

Yet a greater order must surely be kind.

The world we envision holds more than mere strife,

Where choices bear weight in the tapestry of life.

If justice is human, then flawed it must be,

Yet the majority speaks; could they hold the key?

Rejecting this system leaves you in despair,

But seeking true justice brings hope to repair.

True Life blooms in respect and redemption's embrace,

In self-knowledge found in our shared human space.

Life is like the moon, reflecting our quest,

As we seek from within, we uncover our best.

So journey deeper into the core of your being,

For life is not just what you've been seeing.

This Odyssey is something special, reaching its goal with the invaluable guidance of my dear lecturer, who is also included as an author due to her significant contributions in making this work a reality. As a young poet, I strive to show that hope in the world of poetry is very much alive. Despite differences in language and culture, we can create pieces that resonate deeply with the essence of humanity.

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